MONEY MAZE BY O'HENRY churia, that President Miraflores of that volatile republic died by his own hand in the coast town of Cibolo. That he had reached thus far in flight from the inconveniences of an imminent revolution, and that a quarter of a million pesos, government funds, which he carried with him in an American leather valise as a souvenir

For a real, a muchache will show you his grave. It is back of the town, near a little bridge that spans a mango swamp. A plain slab of undressed plue stands at its head. Some one has burned upon the head-

of his tempestuous administration, were

never afterward found.

piece, with a hot iron, this inscription:

RAMON ANGEL DE LAS CRUZES
Y MIRAFLORES,
PRESIDENTE DE LA REPUBLICA
DE ANCHURIA.
QUE SEA SU JUEZ, DIOS.

It is characteristic of this buoyant people that they pursue no man be-yond his grave. "Let God be his yond his grave. judge!" Even with that quarter of a million unfound they could not engrave upon his tombstone the sarcasm 'a good and great man gone to his

An old half-breed Indian tends this grave with fidelity and the dawdling minuteness of inherited sloth. He down the weeds with his n achete, plucks away ants and scorpions with his horny fingers, and sprinkles it daily with water from the

To the guest, the people of Cibolo will relate the story of the tragic death of their old president; how he strove to fly with the public funds and Dona Julia Gordon, the young American opera singer, and how, being appre-hended by members of the revolutionary party in this coast town, he shot himself through the head rather than give up the funds and, as follows, the Senorita Gordon. They will relate, further, that Dona Julia, her adventurous bark of fortune shoaled by the simultaneous loss of her distinguished admirer and the souvenir quarter million, dropped anchor on this stagnant coast, awaiting a rising tide. The tide was ready, in the form of a wealthy American resident-a banana king, a rubber prince, a sarsaparilla, indigo and mahogany baron. The senorita married this American one month after the ill-fated president was buried with military dishonors, and while the of the new administration were saluting Liberty and prospective

The house of the American is to be seen on a bald foothill of the Cordilleras near the town. It is a conglom-erate structure of the finest woods, brick, glass, palm, thatch, adobe, and bamboo. The natives speak of its interior with admiration-"figure-it-toyourself"-there are floors polished like mirrors, hand-woven Indian rugs of silk fiber, tall glasses, musical instruments, and painted walls.
Of the American, Don Frank Mac-

kenzie and of his wife, they have nothing but good to say. Don Frank has lived among them for years, and has compelled their respect. His lady is easily queen of what social life the sober coast affords. The comand-ante's wife, herself, who was of the proud Castilian family of Monteleon y Dolorosa de los Santos y Mendez, feels honored to unfold her napkin with olive-hued, ringed hands at the table of the Senora Mackenzie. Were you to refer-with your Northern prejudices-to the vivacious past of Mrs. Mackenzie, when her gleeful abandon upon the comic opera stage captured mature president's fancy, her part in that statesman's downfall and malfeasance, the Latin shrug of the shoulder would be your only answer and rebuttal. The native dames admired the beautiful American lady. ion of the marriage certificate signed by the good Padre Espirition,

It would seem that the story is end-ed; that the close of a tragedy and the climax of a romance have covered more curious reader it shall be some slight instruction to learn why the old Indian Galvez, is secretly paid to keep flores by one who never saw that statesman in life or death. Also, why Don Emilio Villanueva, minister of ince during the Miraflores administration, and close friend to the deat Mackenzie's house during a short risit to the coast, make the following remark to a friend:

F-f-f-f-t! I say it to you. Twenty times, in the capital, I have taken wine in the company of Dona Julia Gordon, As many times I have heard her sing like the rulsenor that she was. Por el cuerpo de Cristo this Madame Mackenzie-aunque una Senora muy agradable-is no more Dona Julia Gordon than I, myself, am.

The threads of the events reach far, stretching across the sea. Following them out, it will also be made clear Shorty Flynn, of the Columbia Detective Bureau, New York, lost his Also why Dr. Angel, a middle-dark-featured poseur of the aged, dark-featured poseur ulevards of Paris, smokes two-franc

libolo lay in its usual stupor. The Caribbean swished upon the sand beach, the parrots screamed in the range and ceiba trees, the palms were like an awkward chorus at the prima

Suddenly the town was full of excitement. A boy dashed down the grass-grown street, shrieking, "Busea el Senor Mackenzie. Un telegrafo por armed, ccru-complexioned, gathered at another: "Un telegrato por Senor Maccommandante, who was loyal to the Ins, and suspected Mackenzie's de votion to the Outs, hissed "Aha!" and Julio el 10-Vino un telegrafo por

Informed by a dozen voluntary messengers. Senor Mackenzie emerged from some contiguity of shade and proceeded toward the telegraph office. The ox-eyed women gazed at him with admiration, for his type drew them. He was big, blond, and fauntily zapatos. His manner was bold, but The dispatch was from Bob Engel-hardt. a "Gringo" in the capital city,

tionist, and "good people." Rob seemed to have circumvented succossfully the impossibility of sending a confidential message in either Spanish or English. The result was the following literary gem:

'His nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack rabbit line with all the spondulicks in the pot, and the bunch of calico he's spoons on. She's a peach, easy. Our crowd in good shape, but the boodle is six figures short. We must have the swag the main guy scooped. You collar it, He's headed for the briny. You know what to do." This remarkable screed conveyed the information to Mackenzie that the president had decamped for the east with the public money, accompanied by the opera singer, Julia Gordon, his

infatuation for whom was the gossip of the republic Mackenzie pocketed his message and went to talk it over with his friend and co-conspirator, Dr. Zavalla, a native politician of much ingenuity. Mac-kenzie had taken up political intrigue as a matter of business. He was acute enough to wield a certain influence among leading schemers, and prosperous enough to purchase the respect of the petty officeholders. His support was considered so far useful to the revolutionary party that, if the wheel revolved, he stood to win a twenty-year concession to 30,000 man-zanas of the finest timber land along the coast.

By reference to the "jack rabbit in Bob's message, it was understood that the head of the government, the swag, and Julia had taken the mule-back route to the coast. Indeed, no other route was there. A week's trip it was-over fearful mountains and streams; a jiggerty-joggerty journey; hot and ice cold, and wet and dry

The trail, after descending the mountains, turned to a trident, the central prong ending at Cibolo. Another branched off to Coralio; the third penetrated Alazan.

At Coralio was a harbor, and sirict quarantine and clearing regulations. The fugitives would never attempt to escape there. At Cibolo or Alazar, they might hope to board a tramp freighter or a fruit steamer by the aid of a rowboat or sloop, as the vessels anchored half a mile from shore.

But Mackenzie and Zavalla sent horseback messengers up and down the coast with warning to the local leaders of the Liberal movement-to Benavidez at Coralio, and to Varras at Alazan-instructing them to patrol the water line, and to arrest the flying president at all hazards if he should show himself in their territory. After these precautions there was nothing to do but cover the Cibolo district with lookouts and await results. The fugitives would, beyond a doubt, move as secretly as possible, and endeavor to board a vessel by stealth from some hiding place on shore.

the eighth day after the receipt of Engelhardt's message, the Karlse-fin, Norwegian steamer, chartered by the New Orleans fruit trade, anchored off Cibolo, with three hoarse toots of her siren. Mackenzie stood on the beach with the crowd of idlers, watching everything without ostentation. He and Zavalla had stationed men faithful to the cause at intervals along the shore for a mile each way from town, on the lookout for President Miraflores, of whom nothing had been seen or heard. The customs officers, in their red trousers and Panama hats, rowed out to the vessel and returned. The ship's gig landed her purser with his papers, and then took out the quarantine doctor with his umbrella and clinical thermometer. Next, a swarm of half-naked Caribs began to load the piles of bananas upon lighters, and row them out to

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a marine monster, unfamiliar in those waters, hove in sight-a graceful steam yacht, painted white, clean-cut as a steel engraving, see-sawing the like a duck in a rain-barrel. A white boat, manned by a white-uniformed crew, came ashore, and a stocky-built man leaped upon the sands. He made his way toward Mackenzie, who was sly the most conspicuously An glo-Saxon figure present, and seemed to turn a disapproving eye on the rather motley congregation of native Anchurians. Mackenzie greeted him as men sprung from the islands greet

one another in alien lands. Conversation developed that the newly-landed one was named Smith, and that he had come in a yacht. meager biography, truly, for the yacht was most apparent, and the Smith not eyond a reasonable guess before the revelation. Yet to the eye of Macken zie, who had seen several things. there was a discrepancy between Smith and his yacht. A bullet-headed man Smith was, with an oblique, dead eye and the ie had shifted costumes before leaving for shore, he had affronted the deck of his correct vesses in a pearl-gray derby, a checked suit, fancy vest and vaudeville neckwear. Men owning pleasure yachts generally harmonize

Smith looked business, but he was no advertiser. He commented upon the scenery, remarking upon its fidelity to the pictures in the geography, and then inquired for the U. They pointed out to him the starred nd striped bunting hanging on a role above the door of a squat adobe house the sand thither, his haberdashery erating a discord against a back-

ground of tropical blues and greens Mackenzie smoked cigars and walked the shingle under the cocoanut palms. His nets were well spread. The roads were so few, the opportunities for em-barkation so limited, the two or three probable points of exit so well guarded that it would be strange indeed if there should slip through the meshes so much of the country's dignity, romance and collateral.

Night came, and satisfied with the cautions taken, the American strolled back through the town. Oil lamps hurned, a sickly yettow, at random corners. Though yet early, the ways were almost depeopled. A few inhabifants were at their monotonous diverdragging at whining concertinas, fingering the guitar or sadly swiftly in the shadow, for a tall, muf-

valise. A woman at his elbow seemed to hurry him on. They went rapidly, Mackenzie following, until they reached and entered a posada known as the "Hetel de los Estranjeros," a dreary hostelry greatly in disuse both by strangers and friends.

At that moment there came along e Esteban, a barber, an enemy to existing government, a jovial plotter against stagnation in any form. He greeted Mackenzie with flatulent im-

What think you, Don Frank! have tonight shaved la barba-what you call the 'weeskers' of El Senor Presidente himself. Consider! He sent for me to come. In a pobre casa he awaited-a verree leetle house. I think he desired not to be known, butcarajo!-can you shave a man and not see his face? This gold piece he gave me, and said it was to be all quite still. I think, Don Frank, there is what you call one chip over the bug."

In a few words Mackenzie explained the state of affairs to Esteban. Knowing the man to be a partisan Liberal, he made him watch the house to see that no one left it, while he himself entered it at once.

He was an acquaintance of the ma-dama who conducted the posada. He found her to be a woman with little

curiosity. "Ah! it is the Senor Mackenzee. Not often does he honor this unworthy. house. Que?-bright eyes-at my age Vaya! Senor Mackenzee. Guests in the house? Why not? Two, but just finished to arrive-a senor, not quite old. and a senora of sufficient handsomeness. To their rooms they have ascended, not desiring the to-drink nor the to-eat. Two rooms—numero nueve and numero diez. The Senor Mackenzie desires to speak with them? Como no? It is well."

Mackenzie saw that the trigger of his American .038 was free from pocket lining, and ascended the dark stairway, A saffron light from a hanging lamp in the hallway above allowed him to select the gaudy numbers on the doors. He turned the knob of number nine, entered, and closed the door behind

If that was Julia Gordon seated by the table in the poorly furnished room, report had done her charms no injus-tice. She rested her head upon one Extreme fatigue was signified in every line of her figure, and upon her countenance a deep perplexity was written. Her eyes were gray irised, and of that mold that seems to have be-longed to all the famous queens of hearts. Their whites were singularly clear and brilliant, concealed above the irises by horizontal lids, and showing a snowy line below them. Such eyes denote great nobility, passion, and, if you can conceive it, a most selfish gen-erosity. She looked up, when the American entered in surprised inquiry, but

Mackenzle took off his hat and seated himself coolly on the edge of the table by which she sat. He held a lighted clgar between his fingers. He took this course upon the theory that perliminaries would be squandered up-

on the Senorita Gordon.
"Good-evening." he said. "Now, madam, let us come to business at once. I know who is in the next room, and what he carries in that valise. I am here to dictate terms of surrender." The lady neither replied nor moved. but steadily regarded the cigar in Mac-

kenzie's hand. continued the dictator-"I speak for a considerable mass of the people-demand the return of stolen

funds belonging to them. Our terms go very little farther than that. They are very simple. As an accredited spokeswill cease with their acceptance. It is on my personal responsibility that I add congratulations to the gentleman inine charms."

Returning his cigar to his mouth Mackenzie observed her, and saw that her eyes followed and rested up with icy and significant concentration. Apparently, she had not heard a word he had said. He understood, tossed an amused laugh, slid from the table to his feet. The lady smiled, "That is better," she said, clipping

her words off neatly. "For a s esson in good manners, you may now tell me by whom I am being insulted." 'I'm rather sorry there's not enough

time for more lessons," said Macken-zie, regretfully. "Come, now; I appeal yourself, in more than one instance, to vantage. There is no mystery here. I am Frank Mackenzie, and I have come for the money. I entered this ro a venture. Had I entered the other I would have had it by now. The ge tleman in number ten has betrayed great trust. He has robbed his pe ple of a large sum which I am in time who that gentleman is, but if I should prove to be a certain official of the rest him. The house is guarded. me the valise containing the money,

and we will call the affair ended The lady rose from her chair and stood for a moment, thinking deeply. "Do you live here, Mr. Mackenzie?" she asked, presently.

"And your authority for this in-

"I am an instrument of the republic, movements of the-gentleman in num-"I have a question or two to ask you.

truthful than-timid. What sort of

"This town? Oh, a banana town, as they run. Grass buts, 'dobes, five or six two-story houses-population halfbreeds, Caribs, and blackamoors, No sidewalks: no amusements. Rather unmoral. That's an off-hand sketch,

"Are there any inducements, say in reside here?'

said Mackenzie. . smiling. "There are no afternoon teas-and an--there's no extradition treaty "He told me," went on the lady, speaking as if to herself, and with a slight "that there were towns on this coast of importance: that there was a pleasing social order-especially

an American colony of cultured resi-"There is an American colony," he

continued, gazing at her in some won-der. "Two defaulting bank presidents, one short county treasurer, four manlieve, was the suspicion. I, myself, complete the colony, but, as yet, have not distinguished myself by any fel-"Do not lose hope," returned the lady,

tonight to guarantee you future ob scurity. Some mistake has been made; I do not know just where. But him you shall not disturb. The journey has fatigued him so that he is fallen asleep, I think, in his clothes. You talk of stolen money! Remain where you are, and I will bring you that valise you covet so." She turned upon him a peculiar, searching look that ended in a quizzical smile. "It is a puzzling thing," she continued; "you force my deer, and you follow your ruffianly behavior with the basest accusations, and yet"—she paused a moment, as if to reconsider what she was about .)

say-"and yet-I am sure there aas She took a step toward the door that my pocket.
connected the two rooms, but Macken- The lady advanced and laid one hand zie stopped her by a light touch upon ber arm. I have said before that dmire, big, good-looking, and with an was to be his fate, and he did not

"If there has been any mistake," he said, hotly, "it was yours. I do not blame that man who has lost his honor, well see how he was brought to it bim. It is such women as you that exiles, that drag-

There is no need," she said, coldly "to continue your insults. I do not understand you, nor do I know what mad blunder you are making, but if gentleman's portmanteau will rid me

She passed quickly and noiselessly the heavy leather value. Mackenzie upon the table and began to unfasten the straps. She stood by with expression of infinite scorn and

The valise opened wide, and Mackenzle dragged out one or two articles closely folded clothing, exposing the bulk of the contents-package package of tightly packed Ame ican bank notes of large denominations. Judging by the high figures written pen the bands that bound them, the dreds of thousands. Mackenzie saw. with surprise and a thrill of pleasure that he wondered at, that the woman experienced an unmistakable shock. She gasped and leaned heavily agains he table. She had been ignorant then that her companion had looted the go erament treasury. But why, he angrily pleased to find this wandering singer not so black as report painted her?

A noise in the other room startled them both. The door swung open, and an elderly, smooth-faced, dark-complexioned man, half dressed, nurried

ir to the room. The pictures of President Miraflores extant in Cibolo represented him as he possessor of a luxuriant and carefully tended supply of dark whiskers prepared Mackenzie's eye for the

The man stumbled into the light, his eas heavy from weariness and sieep, but flashing with alarm.
"What does this mean?" he demand-ed, in excellent English, with a keen

A Tall, Muffled Man Passed, Carrying a Heavy Valise. A Woman at His Elbow Seemed to Hurry Him On. and perturbed look at the American-

"Very nearly," answered Mackenzie: This cash goes back to the people to hands into the pockets of his loose linen coat. The president's hands went

"Don't draw," called Mackenzie, "I've got you covered from

on the shoulder of the hesitating de-faulter. She pointed with the other to

The man did not answer. He gave a deep, long-drawn sigh, leaned and kissed her on the forehead, and stepped back into the other room and closed Mackenzie foresaw his purpose and

jumped for the door, but the report of the pistol echoed as his hand touched the knob A heavy fall followed, and some one struggled past him into the

greater than the loss of cavalier and the enchantress to have forced from turning to the only all-forgiving, allmade her call out from that dishon-

But there were shouts of alarm, and hurrying feet were coming up the Mackenzie had his duty perform. Circumstances had made him custodian of the country's treasure. They who were coming might not posvalise, he leaned far out the window orange tree below,

They will tell you in Cibelo, as they told me, how the shot alarmed the own; how the upholders of the law came apace-the comandante in a head-waiter's jacket and red siippers, with girded sword, the barefooted policemen with clanking bayonets and indifferent mten.

say that the countenance of the dead man was marred by the effects of the shot, but he was identified as the down-fallen president by both Mackenzie and the barber Esteban The story of his flight from the cap-ital being made public just then, no further confirmation was deemed necessary. So they buried him on the following day, and his grave is there,

They will relate to you how the revolutionary party (now come, without opposition, to be in power) sifted the town and raked the country to find the dead president's valise containing Anchuria's surplus capital, but with out success, though aided by Senor

You will hear how Mackenzie, like a tower of strength, shielded the Senrita Julia through those subsequent distressful days. And how his scruples as to her past career (if she had any) vanished, and her adventuresome waywardness (if she had any) disappeared. and they were wedded and were

But they cannot tell you (as I shall) what became of the money that Mac-kenzie dropped into the orange tree. time to consider the wishes of those lost his situation. It is deemed fit that Mr. Flynn tell his own story. MR. FLYNN'S STORY.

"The chief rang up headquarters and told me to come up-town quick to an of directors who were looking pretty fuzzy. They stated the case: The president of the Republic Loan and Trust quarter of a mililon in cash, and ar expert was digging up a further shortage in his accounts at the rate of a thousand a day. The directors wanted him back pretty bad, but they wanted the money worse. They said they needed it. They had traced the old gent to where he boarded a tramp fruit steamer bound for Central America, or somewhere, with a big gripsack and

'Not to mention all the talk we had yacht belonging to one of the direct tub. I had a pretty good idea were the we had a treaty with about every for banana republic. Anchuria wasn't a photo of old Wahrfield to had in New York-he had been foxy there-but I had his description, and, besides, the lady with him would be almost a dead give-away.

in my time I've brought back some pretty high flyers from places where I couldn't legally touch them. It's done with a bluff. When they won't be all the boodle I can. I've kidnaped best way is to strike them as soon as place. Get your work in before they get acquainted; while they're sick and rattled, and short on nerve.

afternoon about 4. There was a raitylooking steamer off shore taking on ananas. The monkeys were loading her up with big barges. It might one the old man had taken, and it might not. I went ashore to look around. The scenery was pretty good. never saw any finer fork stage. I struck an American on shore, a big, cool chap, around with the monkeys. He showed me the consul's office. The cons Dutchman named Bruck, and he had his mist out for further orders. sized me up for an investor, and tried to sell me a cocoanut franchise, a gold a mahogany graft with officials -already-bribed-coupon attachment, and an imitation diamond ring. He stood in with the monkeys and got a rake-off every time a trick was turned. I got what I wanted to know out of the Karlsefin, running to New Orleans. but took her last cargo to New on account of an overstocked home market. Then I was sure my people were on board, as the consul said no passengers had landed. Just 'hen the quarantine doctor dropped in for a

who desire to learn why Shorty Flynn chat, and he said there was a gentleman and lady on the fruiter, and they would come ashore in a few hours, as from a sea-sick spell. So, all that I had to do, then, was to wait.

"After dark I walked around and was enough to give you the lions. If a man could stay in New York and be honest, he'd better do it than to hit

"Dinky little mud houses; grass over your shoe tops in the streets ladies in low-neck and short-sleeves walking round smoking cigars; tree frogs rattling on Boulevard A like a hose carriage going to a ten blow big mountains dropping gravel in the back yards, and the sea licking the better be in God's country living on

free lunch than there. "The main street ran along the turned up a kind of lane, where the wanted to see what the monkeys did when they weren't climbing cocos nut trees. The very first shack I ooked in I saw my people. have come ashore while I was promenading. A man about fifty, smooth face, heavy eyebrows, dressed in black broadcloth, looking the he was just about to say: 'Can any little boy in the nday school answer that?' He was freezing on to a grip that weighed like a dozen gold bricks; and a swell girl-a regular peach, with a Fifth avenue cut, was sitting on a wooden chair. An old black woman was fix-The light they had came from a lanan hung on a nail. I went and stood in the door, and they looked at me,

'Mr. Wahrfield, you are my priswill take the matter sensibly. You

'Who are you?' says the old gent. 'Flyna,' says I, 'of the Columbia detective bureau. Now, sir, set me give you some good advice. You go back and take your medicine like a maybe, a seven spot, and they'll send you will only have to keep books or ountry for a young lady like Miss eash and go back easy and I'll but in a good word for you. I'll give you five minutes to decide.' I pulled out

Then the young lady chipped in I could see see was one of the genuine high steppers, the kind that christen battleships and open chrysanthemum

me inside, she savs. 'Don't stand in the door and disturb the whole street with that suit of clothes. Now, what is it you want?

"Three minutes gone," I said. Till tell you again while the other two tick off. Wanted, in New York, J. Church-

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